The Sunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But wee will ſhippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee muſt with all our Maieſty and ſkill *Enter Roſ. & Guyld.*,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſſet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out ſpeake fayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, O come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *Roſencraus and others.*

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoftly, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet*? O heere they come.

Roſ. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt whereto it is kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile and not mine owne, beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King,

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the reſt.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtowd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

Kidg. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. Hoe, bring in the Lord. *They Enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat ourſelues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alaſſe, alaſſe.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eate of a King, eate of the fiſh that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſſ